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BY W. W. JACK.
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THE POST.

VOL. 5,

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NO. 2.

Post's Corner.



Good News from Home.

Good news from home, good news for me,
That comes across the deep blue sea,
From friends that I have left in tears,
From friends that I have not seen for years;
And since we parted long ago,
No day has been a day of woe;
But now a joyful hour has come,
For I have heard good news from home.

No father's heart is so glad as mine,
No mother's heart is so glad as mine,
No brother's heart is so glad as mine,
No sister's heart is so glad as mine;
But when I hear of joy to-day,
My heart is full of joy to-day,
For I have heard good news from home.

When shall I see that cottage door,
Where I've spent years of joy before?
When shall I see that dear old face,
Which I have missed so much since I came here?
When shall I see that dear old face,
Which I have missed so much since I came here?
When shall I see that dear old face,
Which I have missed so much since I came here?

Select Notes.

The Sensitive Lover.

BY VIOLA.

Ada Smiford was a noble girl with fine
qualities, and a heart which the world had
not yet soiled with its false teaching or
empty hollows. As young as the free air
she breathed, for she was the daughter of
a retired merchant, whose home was in the
country, her spirit untroubled by the re-
straints of fashion and the follies of city
life, she was a charming companion to
young and old, and made sunshine where-
ver she went. Smiles welcomed her
coming, and tears vanished at her ap-
proach. She was beloved by all who
knew her.

Ada was an heiress, and, of course, had
plenty of admirers among the other sex,
but as yet, no gentleman had crossed her
path whose admiration she could reciprocate,
and her heart was still as free as the
bright sunshine that kissed every fair
flower, and lay soft and untroubled by care
or sorrow.

But Ada was a little eccentric; at least
she was so called by some of her acquaint-
ances, though we doubt if that is the
proper word to express the type of char-
acter to which it was applied in her case.
She had some independent notions, and
her views were not exactly in accord
with the hum-drum, hack-a-daisical
conventionalities of the silly world of
fashion; and hence she was deemed to be
odd by those who lacked soul enough to
appreciate anything above a fine dress or
a dull party.

One day, receiving a letter from an
aunt who resided at a distance, earnestly
pressing her to accept an invitation long
before extended, to visit and spend some
weeks with her. She wrote:

"I am particularly anxious for you to
come now, that I may have the pleasure
of introducing you to every amiable young
gentleman, who is spending the summer in
our neighborhood. Come, Ada dear,
don't disappoint me this time, and I will
forget the past."

"A young gentleman, indeed," said Ada.
"I wonder if my dear, good aunt thinks
a young girl like myself has nothing better
to do than think of amiable representatives
of the other sex? Which I take it,
means that they are well dressed and fash-
ionable—and looking out for a fortune."

But Ada entirely misook her aunt's
meaning of the term amiable—she was
not a woman of the world, and was as
independent and self-reliant as her niece.

Ada at first thought of disregarding her
aunt's wishes solely on account of the said
young man; but on second thought con-
cluded that it would be foolish to let so
trifling a consideration influence her determi-
nation, and as she felt that it was really
unkind to defer the visit to her aunt, so
often postponed before, her final decision
was to go. And she went without delay.

On her last arrival, the first request
she made of her aunt, who did not yet
expect her, was that she should introduce
her into society under the impression that
she was rather the subject of her bounty
than the daughter of her wealthy brother.
On no other condition would she consent
to remain with her more than a few days,
and so the aunt promised to humor her in
the whim, as she termed it; and Ada pre-
pared to act her part, having made up her
mind in view of carrying out this
fancy before leaving home.

Under this assumed guise, adopted for
a purpose, she was introduced to the
"amiable young gentleman" spoken of by
her aunt, whom she found to be truly in-
tellectual and talented, but not blessed with
overmuch of this world's goods.

From the first moment of their acquain-
tance, Ada was attracted towards the
young man, and the more she knew of him
the more interested she became. He was
not what might be termed handsome, and

Ada was glad of it, for she had always
looked upon pretty men as pets; but there
was a look of nobility stamped on every
feature, and an expression on his coun-
tenance far more fascinating than mere
personal beauty. And then his voice was
soft and musical, but capable of the most
varied modulations, while his eye was
really winking in its expression, now
sparkling with animation, and anon kind-
ling with enthusiasm, while the color rose
and fell over brow and cheek with every
emotion of the soul.

To see Herbert Melville was to remem-
ber him; and so Ada found it.
It was not long until she began to be
anxious for his coming; and company; and
she never tired of listening to his fine voice
as he read or discoursed in his own pecu-
liar way. Passages from the poets were
clothed in new beauty as they fell from
his lips; and none could read an author to
so good advantage as he. Everything
that passed through his hands came back
polished and beautiful. Need we won-
der that a girl like Ada should be attracted
towards him?

But we do not intend to enter into a
long story of flutations and courtships,
hopes, doubts and fears; let others write
such stories if they choose. We have
only to say that Herbert and Ada loved
each other before they had any suspicion
of the fact, and that when they finally
found it out, like sensible persons as they
were, they came to an understanding in
reference to their feelings, and pledged
their faith on condition that the friends of
both parties should assent to their union,
but rather than incur the displeasure of
those who had rights over them, they
would abide their time, and still be faith-
ful to each other. They neither of them
believed in elopements.

Ada's visit at length, drew to a close,
and her parents wrote that they were an-
xious to see her once more, and have the
sunshine of her presence in the house.

Herbert consented to accompany her
home.

Never had a journey been so delightful
to Ada. Herbert's fine perceptions clothed
all things in the most poetic garb, and
gave even to common objects a charm un-
seen before.

All the way home Ada was thinking
with delight of the pleasant surprise that
awaited her lover at the end of the jour-
ney; for, he it understood, she had all this
time repented herself as the poor niece of
her aunt.

"I hope," said she to her companion,
that you will not be too graciously dis-
appointed in my home, though you may not
be prepared to see it as it is."
"Indeed, you need not fear on that score,
love; I have not esteemed you for the
qualities of person or the character of the
home you possess, but for the higher at-
tributes of virtue and truthfulness which
adorn your mind. It matters not how
lowly may be your home—where love is,
there is the heart's heaven. I can be
happy with you in a cottage, be it ever so
humble, if only you can enjoy it with me.
But if you prefer to wait until I can ac-
quire a home of more imposing appear-
ance and greater comfort, I consent. No
thing will delight me so much as to work
with these hands, and the powers that
God has given me, to rear us a dwelling
such as my heart would delight to offer
you."

Ada smiled, and the smile reached
away down in her heart for old it would
be so sweet to save her lover from the
toil necessary to accomplish that which he
proposed.

She had yet to learn that one of the
sweetest tasks of love is to do something
for the one beloved.

And thus happy in each other and the
anticipations before them, the journey
was made.

A part of the way they traveled by
coach, railroads then not being so nume-
rous as now, and were so fortunate as to be
the only occupants of the vehicle much of
the time, but the last twenty miles were
passed over on the cars. When they
reached the station where they alighted, a
carriage was in waiting—a very fine one;
and Herbert paid little regard to it, sup-
posing it was a public conveyance. When
the driver stopped before the elegant man-
sion which had attracted his attention all
the way, he looked at Ada for an explana-
tion; but she deemed no reply to be re-
quired; and she, too, looked at him with
surprise, for he was a servant, and hence
his look of inquiry, and the thought, "She
surely cannot be a servant," came into his
mind, but was at once superseded by the
more rational supposition that she was a
teacher or governess in that aristocratic
habitation.

But little time had he to think. Ada
hurried him towards the house, and met
her parents on the threshold, who embrac-
ed and kissed her most affectionately, to
the no small wonder of her companion,
who, in the background, stood in bewil-
dered doubt of his own identity, or whether
this was a dream or a reality that appeared
to be enacted before him.

As soon as the parents' greeting was
over, Ada introduced her companion, who
was received with a hearty welcome by the
father and mother.

Herbert acquit himself with his usual
grace and ability before her parents, and
Ada was proud of him; but there was a
shadow on his brow, which sent a thrill of

pain to her heart whenever she beheld it,
utterly at a loss to know what produced it.
Every hour it grew more settled and cut-
ting, until she feared, he was ill, and the
first opportunity that occurred, which
was not until evening, and several hours
after their arrival, she enquired with an-
xiety into its cause. He replied:

"The birth and death of great hopes are
in our lives; they are the milestones
that mark our progress, and we assume
our existence by them. It is always with
sadness that we bid farewell to one of
them, and leave it behind. Ah! how
deep is the pain when it is the dearest
hope the heart can possibly cherish, that
we are about to bid adieu forever! Little
wonder that the brow becomes clouded
and the eye dim, for the heart is filled
with emotions too deep for utterance."

"What do you mean?" she asked in
alarm.

"That the bright visions which have
robbed the future in rainbow beauty for
weeks past, have this day been suddenly
blotted from existence, leaving me in
darkness—almost in despair. Oh, Ada,
how could you deceive me so?"

"Herbert, will you explain the cause of
this singular apatition, and the gloomy
words you have just uttered? Have I
done ought to trouble you?"

"I hardly know what to say, Miss Smiford,"—oh, how painfully those cold words
fell upon her ear and sank into her heart,
exciting the tears to spring to her eyes—
"whether to accuse or to acquit you.—
Doubtless, however, you meant all for
the best, but indeed it was cruel to lead me
so far to be so shockingly disappointed in
the end."

"I do not understand you yet."

"I will be plain, then; for I desire about
all things that you should understand me
without further delay. It was under the
belief that you were without property,
like myself, that I sought and won your
love. Had I known that you were wealthy,
it would have been the farthest from
my thoughts to make such an attempt.—
But now that the scales have fallen from
my eyes, I must bid you farewell."

"Why," she enquired, and the faintest
smile played about the corners of her
mouth for she felt sure she could overcome
his scruples.

"Can you not divine the answer to your
very appropriate query? How can a sen-
sitive, high-minded man feel himself in-
debted to a wife for all she possesses and
be happy? This is my wife's house, this
is my wife's carriage, everything here be-
longs to her, everything that I use or
have is hers." With such reflections as
these, how could he be at peace with him-
self? Never, Ada, *never* can I place my-
self in such a position!"

"Oh, unwise words! You cannot
mean what they imply! Think of the
desolation of my heart without your
presence and love, and the joy they in-
spire. Can you have the heart to crush
and blight all my hopes in life?"

"Spare me, Ada; for the love of heaven,
spare me! Had I not enough to endure
without this? Have you the wish to drag
me down to a position where I shall hate
myself?—where the bowed manhood will
ever weigh my spirit to the ground? I know
you have my pledged word, and my heart
also is yours, and you can hold me if you
will, for I have never violated a pledge,
and never will. But if you will spare me
this humiliation, I could never look up
with conscious pride into the face of
man or heaven again, if once reduced to
such a condition."

"Then I will go out from this home, and
leaving all behind, make my dwelling
place with you."

"I have thought of that; but its mani-
fest cruelty to you banished the idea in a
moment from my mind. You have never
been exposed to the hardships of life, have
never known its privations, or been sub-
jected to its toils; and I will not consent
to lead you from the flowery path in which
you have walked, into the rugged realities
of a battling world."

"Surely you do not intend to make us
both miserable for life on a promise which
—pardon me—I consider entirely inade-
quate to justify such a course."

"I have thought if you preferred to wait
until I should acquire a competence, I
could then offer you my hand and still be
independent; but if you prefer to be re-
leased from all obligation to me, I will, at
once and forever grant you full and free
absolution from your promise, and hence-
forth you may look upon me as a stranger
or friend, at my best suit your wishes."

"Herbert Melville, do you think I have
no heart, no human feelings, that you talk
this coldly about separation forever? Let
me now open my heart as you have yours,
and then, perhaps, we shall be better able
to agree. It has been a source of con-
stant joy to me from the first, that I should
be able to place you in a position where
you could cultivate your talents without
the hampering necessity of having to toil
for daily bread or future competence. I
have enjoyed in anticipation the delight
it would afford me to see your genius ex-
pand under such favorable auspices, and
my heart has swelled with pride as I have
beheld in anticipation your conquests. O,
next to our love, and intimately associated
with it, has been this beautiful, this dear,
cherished dream; and now, with one rude
sweep of the hand, you banish it all away."

Oh, Herbert, I could weep over the ruin
of that beautiful anticipation, which you
have, like a beautiful air castle, built at
my feet in broken fragments. But I will
go with you to the end of the world—
Your sorrows shall be my sorrows, your
joys my joys; but release you I never
will!"

Herbert bowed his head in his hands,
and remained motionless for some time, as
if in deep thought, then he said:

"Perhaps I am wrong. I ought not to be
so selfish. I ought not to destroy the pre-
cious hope you have so long cherished,
even if I do feel deeply myself. We will
compromise. We can be united with the
understanding that I am not to touch your
property, while you still enjoy its independ-
ence and benifit; and thus, in part, both
our wishes can be gratified. I can still
retain my independence, as you do your
wealth, and we can both be happy."

"I agree, hoping yet for at least a partial
realization of my old wishes."

And as it was agreed so it was done.
They were married. Herbert rose rapidly
in his profession, and soon had wealth of
his own, while Ada always admired and
loved with all a woman's tenderness her
noble but sensitive husband.

CALCULATION BY MACHINERY.—The at-
tention of the learned world is now en-
grossed, says the Independent, by a new
invention, which promises to be of
universal usefulness. Mr. Thomas
of Cimar, after thirty-six years of hard
study and assiduous labor, has at last
solved the problem of calculation by me-
chanism.

His machine, which he has baptised
"Antinomometre," is applicable to the
mechanical solution of all arithmetical op-
erations, from the simplest to the most
complicated ones. This instrument solves
with infallible correctness, not only the
four rules—addition, subtraction, multi-
plication and division, but also ascertains
the powers of quantities, extracts the
roots of numbers, resolves triangles, re-
duces ordinary and decimal fractions, and
defines the rules of proportion, etc. Its
rapidity of execution is such as to defy
the ablest calculators. A multiplication
of eight numbers, is executed in eighteen
seconds; a division of sixteen cyphers
through eight cyphers, in ten seconds.
The machine is so simple that after the
expiration of five minutes of in-
struction, the most ignorant hand knows
enough at calculation to defy, with its
help, all calculators, in rapidity and cor-
rectness. The "Antinomometre" is placed
in a small, light box, which can be easily
carried in a pocket, and is so constructed
that its mechanism can scarcely ever be
deranged. It is already in operation in
several of our commercial houses, the house
of Rothschilds, and the Mint of France,
and it soon will be as common as letter
presses.

**GILLES REDE OR THE SERENADE THAT
MISSED FIRE.**—Cassius M. Clay tells the
following: During the late political canvass,
Burlingame and himself occupied ad-
joining rooms at the Bates House, Indi-
anapolis. "At a late hour one evening,"
says he, "I was in B's room, and both of
us were somewhat elated with the regular
enthusiasm. We were, as soldiers, ac-
customed to fighting our battles over again,
when a fine band right opposite my room
poured over the sea of night floods of
son-stirring music. "Chey, you are hon-
ored," said B, "go and acknowledge the
compliment." With due diffidence I ex-
cused myself, when, as I had anticipated,
the band broke forth anew in strains of
heroic melody in front of the room occu-
pied by B. "I have you now," said I,
"now give 'em a sentiment." "No, you,"
said B. "Well," said I, "both together," so
looking across, with an air of intense dig-
nity, we walked out upon the balcony, and
in a faltering voice I commenced: Indiana,
Massachusetts, and Kentucky—triple
sisters—may they ever be true to the fam-
ily union. The leader of the band after a
pause, with a thick tongue inquired,
"Who are you?" "Chey and Burlingame,"
said I. "The hell you are," said he in re-
ply; and then, in an undertone addressed
to his fellows, he concluded: "Boys, it's not
the girl in red!"

A SCHOOL GIRL'S LOVE.—There is both
truth and poetry in the following lines,
written by a school girl, and we may dare
draw the free reflection of those early
dreams, so strangely different from the
actual experience of life, as well as the most
pleasant of all memories. There is no
sunshine like that of childhood. It
gleams through all the clouds of disap-
pointment, and smiles upon us till the
river of life mingles with the ocean of
eternity.

I could not get my less in
Wit the book before my pen
For the thoughts of Emily Weller
Came a bubbling in-between.

A smooth-checked, long-faced, white-
checked witness, on a cross-examination,
on being asked in court what profession he
was, hastily replied: "I am a candle of
the Lord—an expounder of the Gospel.
Of what denomination?" "A Baptist,"
replied the witness. "Then," said the law-
yer, "you are a *dipped*, but I trust not a
wick of candle!"

Here goes—

The Soldier's Wife.

A TRILLING TALE.

One of the most striking cases of pres-
ence of mind and self-possession of which
we have any recollection, came to light on
a boat which took place some years since
in Ireland. The story looks like a fiction,
but we have reason to believe it true. A
woman traveling along the road to join
her husband, who was a soldier, quar-
tered at Athlone, was joined by a pedler,
who was going the same way. They en-
tered into conversation during a walk of
some hours, but as the day began to wane,
they agreed that they should stop for a
night at a house of entertainments, and
pursue their journey the next day. They
reached a lonely inn, situated in a lonely
spot by the roadside, and fatigued after a
long day's walk, they were glad to find
themselves under the shelter of a roof.—
Having refreshed themselves with a sub-
stantial supper set before them, they ex-
pressed a wish to retire. They were
shown into the traveler's room, and went
to rest in their respective beds. The ped-
ler, before retiring had called the land-
lord aside and given into his keeping the
bag, which he had unstrapped from his
back till the morning, telling him that it
contained a considerable sum of money and
much valued property. They were not
long in bed before the pedler fell into a
sound sleep, but the poor woman, perhaps
from over fatigue, or from thoughts of
meeting with her husband the next day
lay awake. A couple of hours might have
passed, when she saw the door slowly
opened, and a person entered holding a
light, which he screened with his hand. She
instantly recognized in him one of the
young men she had seen below—son of
the landlord.

He advanced with stealthy steps to the
bedside of the pedler, and watched him
for a few moments. He went out and en-
tered again with his father and brother,
who held in his hand a large pewter
basin. They went on tip-toe to the bed-
side where the pedler lay in a deep sleep.
One of the young men drew out a knife,
and while the father held the basin so as
to catch the blood, he cut the poor vic-
tim's throat from ear to ear. A slight
half audible groan, and all was still, save
the cautious movements of the party en-
gaged in the fatal deed. They had bro't
in with them a large sack, into which they
quickly thrust the unresisting body. The
poor woman lay silently in her bed, fear-
ing her turn would come next. She heard
how murmuring among the men, from whom
she gathered that they were debating
whether they should murder her too, as
they feared she might have in her power
to betray them.

One of them said he was sure she was
fast asleep, and that there was no occa-
sion to trouble themselves more, but to
make sure of this being the case, one of
them came to the bedside with a candle
in his hand, and the other with a
knife. She kept her eyes closed as in
sleep, and had such command over her-
self as not to betray in her countenance
any sign that she was conscious of what
was going on. The candle was placed
close to her eyes, the knife was drawn
across close to her throat; she never winked
or showed by any movement of feature
or limb, that she apprehended danger.—
So the men whispered that she was sound
asleep—that a thing was to be feared
from her, and they went out of the room
removing the sack which contained the
body of the murdered man. How long
must that night of horror have seemed to
that poor lone woman—how frightful was
its stillness and darkness!

The presence of mind which had so as-
tonishingly enabled her to act her part to
such effect she owed her life, sustained her
through all the trying scenes which she
had yet to pass.

She did not hurry from the room at an
unseasonable hour, but waited until she
heard all the family asleep; she then went
down and said she believed she had over-
slept herself in consequence of being great-
ly tired. She asked where the pedler was,
and was told that he was in the great
lurry to wait for her, but that he had
left a sixpence to pay for her breakfast.

She sat down composed to that meal, and
forced herself to partake with apparent
appetite of the food set before her. She
appeared unconscious of the eyes which
with deep scrutiny were fixed upon her.
When the meal was over, she took leave
of the family, and went on her way with-
out the least appearance of discomfort
or mistrust. She had proceeded but a
short way when she was joined by two
strapping looking women. One look was
sufficient to convince her that they were
the two young men and one thought to
assure her that she was yet in their power.
They walked by her side, entered into
conversation, asked her where she was go-
ing, and told her that their road lay the
same way; they questioned her as to where
she had been lodged the night before, and
in the most minute inquiries about the
family inhabiting the house of entertain-
ment. Her answers were quite unbur-
dened, and she said the people of the
house had appeared to be decent and a
civil, and treated her very well. For two
hours the young men continued by her
side, conversing with her, and watching

Terms of Advertising.

Advertisements are received at the office of the Post, and are published at the following rates:—
For the first insertion, per line, 10 cents.
For each subsequent insertion, per line, 5 cents.
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For a full page, per quarter, \$7.00.
For a full page, per year, \$25.00.
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For the first insertion, per line, 10 cents.
For each subsequent insertion, per line, 5 cents.
For a full page, per week, \$1.00.
For a full page, per month, \$3.00.
For a full page, per quarter, \$7.00.
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ATREAY.—A street fight took place on Monday in Paducah, between John Harrett and a Mr. Davis, in which four shots with revolvers, were fired on each side. Harrett was severely though not dangerously wounded, by two of Davis' shots, one striking effectually in the side, and another in the wrist. This is the second street fight which has occurred in the city in the year. The first, with fatal results, took place on the 10th inst.

Mise in Paris.—As officer Carr was last night standing in the Confectionary at the corner of Third and Race streets, says the Cincinnati Commercial, two gentlemen entered; one of them approached the stove and placed his foot upon the ledge to warm it. The officer observed that it was a small and pretty foot, but it was covered with a lady's boot? This led to an inspection of the face, a very pretty, but without a sign of lewdness or to come—in short the gentleman was a lady in pants. With her friend she was conveyed weeping to the Station House. The male good man let a splendid watch as security for the future appearance of the female gentleman. He told his companion was a lady of good reputation, that she resided in Covington, and had donned her masculine attire for a very trip across on the ice to the Cincinnati and back. He was so gallant as to promise her to take some refreshments, and for that was the consequence.

Art. 2. The navigation of the river

Twelve car loads of coal were sent from Evansville, Ind., on Wednesday to Cincinnati, two of the number to be distributed among the poor. The Evansville Journal says this coal, sent 300 miles over several different railroads, will be sold at half price and the proceeds going to Cleveland and other needy places.

MAX BATES TO DEATH.—The Memphis Appeal leans from a passenger on board the Edinburg, that the second mate of that steamer beat a deck passenger so unmercifully on Saturday last a week ago, when between Natchez and Vicksburg, that he died of his wounds, and was buried on the same day. The passenger was a man between twenty-five and thirty years of age; he got on board the boat at Natchez in an inebriated state, and having no money to pay his passage, he was set to working. Not working as fast or as hard as the mate thought he should, he killed the first mate, and beat his most dangerous

Dissolution

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 21, 1903.



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Mrs. F. H. ...

One of the Chicago papers...

Jim Crow Rice, the actor...

Win. Hamilton, of Paul county...

During a recent revival...

A Democratic meeting...

The Missouri House of Representatives...

At a meeting of the...

It is said that Mr. Marry...

The H. H. papers are discussing...

One thousand and twenty-eight...

A ship driven by sails...

A physician of Cincinnati...

The Trustees of the town of...

The Lexington Observer...

Quite an excitement...

Wanted in Saturday's paper...

Unfortunate, he found...

A large operator...

The Commercial Bank of Kentucky...

The bridge across the river...

Maj. Ben McCulloch...

The closing of the river...

...you mean...

An order signed...

H. M. McCharty...

CONSUMPTION

BY Johnson Stewart...

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Spread Notice.

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SCIENCE.

A NEW FISH—The Pokon (N. Y.) Republic has the following, which comes under the head of "marvelous, it is said."

About three years ago, a girl was walking on the shore of the lake, north of this town, and a young man to whom she was engaged, was revealed to her that she was a fish. The young man was in the water, and she was on the shore, and she was a fish. The young man was in the water, and she was on the shore, and she was a fish.

At the sight, they both fainted away, but soon recovered, and venturing to examine it, discovered about a belt containing a large package of money in bills, which they counted and found the amount as stated.

They buried the body to prevent discovery, and also the money, which they agreed not to disturb for three weeks. At the expiration of the time, the young man returned to the place the money was missing. His companion acknowledged she had taken it, and would take care of it until he was twenty, which would be in three years.

As the time has expired, he demands his half, which she answers by denying the whole statement. The young man tells a friend, and it spreads like wildfire. Report says a large company of men, armed with spades and shovels, are out looking for the bones of the buried stranger. The excitement has been very much increased by the fact that a propeller was wrecked there three years ago, and that a German, supposed to be a Spaniard, a stranger to the passengers who were saved, was lost.

Some parties, formerly rather hard up, report says, have been very flush of late, speculating very largely in real estate and making a great slow generally.

LATER.—We just learn that bones answering to the fact of the burial, have been discovered in the woods about half a mile from the beach.

FANNY FERN ON DRESS.—It is my opinion, after all that is said, that women dress much more with an eye to their own sex, than to the other. What man, unless he be a dry goods merchant, knows whether a woman wears flannel or cotton lace? What man else knows the value of the dainty pocket handkerchiefs with which the ladies ostentatiously polish their pretty noses? What man else knows, or cares to know, the value of the camel's hair shawl, spread so carefully over their shoulders? By the road—not one. But the delighted peacock possessor rejoices that every feminine eye which rests upon it, computes its value to a fraction. Yes—women dress much more for each other's eyes than men! I never knew a man who's opinion was worth asking, who did not prefer to see a pretty woman (and I mean the most demure of 'em don't look at their incontinently and modestly crossed; and I never saw a pretty woman who did not look prettier in her dress than in her more modest and demure ones. But, alas! for plain dress—there are they? Where is the pretty de laire, and neat calico, none too good for little climbing feet (now fashion-banished)? No—no answers—where?

A NOVEL FIRE.—As officer Egan was walking yesterday upon Sixth street, he observed a little in advance of him a lady from whose ample skirts a vapor appeared issuing. The phenomenon riveted his attention, and he followed on, while soon the first filmy cloud became more dense, and while still wondering in speechless astonishment, a bright flame burst forth from behind. Here was a climax requiring speedy and prompt action; the lady was on fire and must be put out, so dashing forward the officer seized her by the dress, and gathering the folds of that and the voluminous petticoat to bear upon the eruption, he scoldered the conflagration without having recourse to the opposite element.

The lady after expressing her gratitude for the timely service accounted for the fire, by stating that she had a short time previous been standing by a stove, and one of her bonnet ornaments being of a light woollen fabric, it had become ignited. After escorting her to her residence in New street Egan again returned to his beat, a whole fire department within himself.—*Cin. Com.*

A DECIDED CURE.—The coming changes of weather render it incumbent on every person to protect their health, and no better remedy can be used both as curative and preventative than Hurley's Sarsaparilla.

Affections of the chest, bronchitis, or any derangement of the respiratory system is peculiarly benefited by its soothing influence, and in protracted cases of coughs, colds, or inflammation about the throat or chest, decidedly the safest and most efficacious medicine that can be resorted to.—In this city it is extensively used with marked success.—*St. Louis Herald.*

A dead negro entered a stationer's shop and with an equal air inquired, "Hab you a few letters?" A letter paper, of the very best rate for a gentleman to write his letters in? "Yes," was the reply, "how many will you have?" "I say," said he, "my stay at the Spring will be about two or three weeks. Give me enough quires to write four letters."

Jealousy is said to be an evidence of love, but it is only the embodiment of a selfishness and often fed by wild passion that its name affords.

WASHING AND DRESSING.

What is the best way to wash and dress? This is a question that has been asked many times, and the answer is, to use the best method.

"Remember the poor!" grandpa, when it comes down the chimney, it roars, "Remember the poor!" when it puts its great mouth to the keyhole, it whistles, "Remember the poor!" when it strikes through the crack in the door, it whispers it, and grandpa, when it blows your beautiful silver hair in the street, and you shiver, and button up your coat, does it not get at your ear and say so too, in a still small voice, grandpa?

"Why, what does the old man-in?" cried grandpa, when I found out, had been used to shut his heart against such words—"You want a new maid and tippet, I reckon; a pretty way to get them out of your old grandpa."

"No, grandpa," said the child earnestly, "I'm thinking of my mother always remembers them, and so do I try."

After the next storm, the old merchant sent fifty dollars to the treasurer of a Relief Society, and said call for more when you want it. The treasurer smiled with surprise, for it was the first time he had ever collected more than a dollar from him and that, he thought, came grudgingly.

"Why," said the rich and old merchant afterwards, "I could never get rid of that child's words; they stuck to me like glue."

"And a little child shall lead them," says the Scripture. How many a cold heart has melted, and a close heart opened by the simple earnestness, and suggestive words of a child.

Home Remedies.

In another column of to-day's paper will be found the advertisement of L. H. Noble & Co. Their preparations are made among us and are known to be at least equal, if not superior to any others of similar kind put up anywhere. The Chills and Fever Remedy has no superior, as can be satisfactorily shown by those who have been cured by it. The safe has been so great for the past few weeks, and the satisfaction it has given so general, that the proprietors will, in the course of a few coming weeks, send to different parts of the country one hundred dozen.

This remedy is not only safe and certain, but by its combining in just proportions the properties of a Tonic and Anti-Peptic, Catarrhic, and Diaphoretic; it needs no other medicine to accompany it; and besides it leaves the system free in a great measure, from the usual tendency to a return of the disease.

The Sarsaparilla is the official preparation, made after the formula of the United States Dispensary, and contains only the pure and fresh Honduras Root. It is recommended by our Physicians as superior to any other in the market. Its rapid sale among us, to those who know its qualities and the manner of its preparation would seem to be its best recommendation.

Of the Extract of Jamaica Ginger, there need be nothing said. It has been in use extensively for three years past and gives general satisfaction.

These preparations are not Patent Medicines. There is no secret about them. The public can see the formula by which they are prepared, and any respectable Physician can have the same by application to the proprietors in person or by letter.

These remedies can always be had, wholesale or retail, of the proprietors, at their Drug Store in Lebanon, Ky., and of Druggists generally.

The Scientific American.

TWELFTH YEAR!

One Thousand Dollar Cash Prizes! The Twelfth Annual Volume of this useful publication commences on the 13th day of September next.

The Scientific American is an illustrated periodical, devoted chiefly to the promulgation of information relating to the various Mechanic and Chemical Arts, Industrial Manufactures, Agriculture, Patents, Inventions, Engineering, Millwork, and all interests which the light of practical science is calculated to advance.

Reports of U. S. Patents granted are also published, every week, including official copies of all the Patent claims, together with news and information upon thousands of other subjects.

\$1000—in cash prizes—will be paid on the 1st of January next, for the largest list of subscribers, as follows: \$200 for the 1st; \$175 for the 2nd; \$150 for the 3rd; \$125 for the 4th; \$100 for the 5th; \$75 for the 6th; \$50 for the 7th; \$40 for the 8th; \$30 for the 9th; \$25 for the 10th; \$20 for the 11th; and \$10 for the 12th. For all clubs of 20 and upwards, the subscription price is only \$140. Names can be sent from any Post-office until January 1st, 1857. There are fine chances to secure cash prizes.

The Scientific American is published once a week; every number contains eight large quarto pages, forming annually a complete and splendid volume, illustrated with several hundred original engravings.

TERMS.—Single subscriptions, \$2 a year, or \$1 for six months. Five copies, for six months, \$4; for a year, \$8. Specimen copies sent gratis.

Southern, Western and Canada money, or post-office stamps, taken at par for subscriptions.

MUNN & CO.,
115, Fulton St., New York.

Messrs. Munn & Co. are extensively engaged in procuring patents for new inventions, and will advise inventors, without charge, in regard to the novelty of their improvements.

PROSPECTUS.

THE POST.

Believing as we do, that the perpetuity, welfare, and prosperity of our beloved country have been jeopardized by the fanaticism of the North; we, the undersigned, have come to the conclusion that our voice as a public journalist should be put forward in defense of those things hitherto held sacred by every one that breathed the free air of America; be they Catholic or Protestant, native born or foreign-born. The Constitution of the United States guarantees to every man, who, either is accidentally born within her limits, or swears eternal allegiance to her laws, protection, suffrage, and the right, (particularly,) to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. Therefore, conceiving as we do, that the DEMOCRATIC PARTY is the only one that advocates "Equal Rights to all, and exclusive privileges to none," we shall, in public, as we have heretofore in private, advocate and support the tenets of the Democratic Party. We have had it too often thrown in our teeth, when we wished to show up folly in its true color, that we were "neutral," and consequently had no right to say anything in regard to any political subject, either privately or publicly. We have got tired of this, and although the bustle and commotion of politics suits not our inclination, yet, under the exigencies of the case, we think our imperative duty to publish a strictly

DEMOCRATIC PAPER.

Those who take our paper hereafter, shall never have the pleasure of saying to us that we have transcended the bounds of "neutrality," for we intend to have the privilege of saying what we please, and bearing as we do, the burden of TRUTH, we fear not the arrows of error. In thus throwing broadcast, the glorious old banner of Democracy, which we have been forced to do by inadvertent circumstances, which we will explain hereafter, we have only acted in self-defense; but of that, more anon.

Hereafter, our pen, humble and feeble though it be, will be dedicated to the Democratic principles, whilst at the same time, we will not forget to place before our readers each week, matter for their amusement, edification and instruction.

TERMS.—THE POST will be furnished to subscribers at \$2.00 per year, if paid in advance. When payment is delayed for six months, \$2.50 will be exacted, and when payments are delayed until the end of the year, \$3.00 will, in all cases, be exacted. Clubs of ten or more, however, will be taken at \$1.50 each, where the money accompanies the list.

W. W. JACK,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
LEBANON, KY., December 1st, 1855.

Scott's Weekly Paper.

The Publishers of this large and popular Family Journal offers for the coming year, (1856) a combination of Literary attractions heretofore unattempted by any of the Philadelphia Weeklies. Among the new features will be a new and brilliant series of Original Romances by George Lippard, entitled "Legends of the Last Century." All who have read Mr. Lippard's celebrated "Legends of the American Revolution" published for fifty-six consecutive weeks in the *Saturday Courier*, will find these pictures of French and American History endowed with all the power and brilliancy of his previous productions. The first of a series of Original Novellettes, called "Morris Hartley," or the Knights of the Mystic Valley, by Harrison W. Ainsworth, is about to be commenced. It will be handsomely illustrated with 12 fine engravings, and its startling incidents cannot fail to elicit undivided praise. Emerson Bennett, the distinguished Novelist, the favorite of the West, and the author of some of the finest productions ever read, is also engaged to furnish a brilliant Novellette to follow the above. Mrs. Mary Andrews Denison, author of *Home Pictures*, *Patience*, *Worthington* and her *Grandmother*, &c., will contribute a splendid Domestic Novellette, entitled the "Old Ivy Grove," and H. C. Watson an illustrated Story called the "Two Edged Knife"—a graphic picture of Early Life in Old Kentucky. To these will be added Original Contributions and selections from Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Clara Clairville, Lillie Liborne, Grace Greenwood, and other distinguished writers; the news of the day, graphic editorials, full reports of the provision, money, and stock markets, letters from travelers at home and abroad, &c., &c.

TERMS.—One copy, one year, \$2; two copies, one year, \$3; four copies one year, \$5; nine copies, one year, and one to the getter-up of the club, \$10; twenty copies, one year, and one to the getter up of the club, \$20. Address,

A. SCOTT, Publisher,
No. 111, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Stationery.

I have a good supply of STATIONERY, on hand and for sale, such as: FOLDING AND LETTER PAPER, NOTE PAPER, PLAIN AND FANCY ENVELOPES, STEEL PENS, &c., &c.

W. W. JACK.

Employment.

AGENTS, old or traveling, or local, for News-papers or Periodicals, are requested to send, without delay, their address, to the undersigned, and they will be furnished with a business which will yield them from 100 to 200 per cent. profit. They will please state what newspapers or periodicals they have canvassed for. Persons who have not hitherto acted as Agents, but who would like to engage as such, will also please send their names. Post-office address, County and State, written plainly.

WRIGHT, NASON & CO.,
Sept 18-5m New York.

SPRING AND SUMMER.

STYLE OF.

HATS AND CAPS.

Yachtmen for the purpose of creating a new style of hats, are not content with the most celebrated houses in the city of New York. Together with a large assortment of

Black and White Beaver, Nutria, Brush, Russia and Other Hats, &c. Also the Spring style of Hats from the most celebrated houses in the city of New York. Together with a large assortment of

Meus' and Youths' Panama Hats. Double and single brim

Legions. Pedal Straw Hats. Palm Leaf do

Infants' fancy Summer Ladies' Riding Hats, of the latest New York and Parisian Styles

Kossuth Hats, &c., &c. The above goods will be found equal in quality, and fully as LOW in PRICE as the same article can be bought for in Louisville or any other city market.

The Patrons of the house, and the public at large, are particularly invited to call and examine the assortment.

Hats of any particular shape made to order at short notice.

LEONARD EDELEN.

THE BRITISH PERIODICALS.

AND THE

FARMER'S GUIDE.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,

No. 54 Gold Street, New York.

CONTINUE to publish the four leading British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Magazine; in addition to which they have recently commenced the publication of a valuable Agricultural work, called the

FARMER'S GUIDE TO SCIENTIFIC AND PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE.

By HENRY STEPHENS, F. R. S., of Edinburgh, author of the "Book of the Farm," &c., &c.; assisted by JOHN P. NOBLE, M. A., New Haven, Professor of Scientific Agriculture in Yale College, &c., &c.

This highly valuable work will comprise two large royal octavo volumes, containing over 1400 pages, with 18 or 20 splendid steel engravings, and more than 600 engravings on wood, in the highest style of the art, illustrating almost every implement of husbandry now in use by the best farmers, the best methods of plowing, planting, laying, harvesting, &c., &c., the various domestic animals in their highest perfection; in short the pictorial feature of the book is unique, and will render it of inestimable value to the student of Agriculture.

This work is being published in Semi-monthly Numbers, of 64 pages each, exclusive of the Steel engravings, and is sold at 25 cents each, or \$5 for the entire work in numbers, of which there will be at least twenty-two.

The British Periodicals Re-published are as follows, viz:

The London Quarterly Review (Conservative),

The Edinburgh Review (Whig),

The North British Review (Free-Church),

The Westminster Review (Liberal), and

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (Tory)

Although these works are distinguished by the political shades above indicated, yet but a small portion of their contents is devoted to political subjects. It is their literary character which gives them their chief value, and in that they stand confessedly far above all other journals of their class. Blackwood, still under the masterly guidance of Christopher North, maintains its ancient celebrity, and is, at this time, unusually attractive, from the serial works of Bulwer and other literary notables, written for that magazine, and first appearing in its columns both in Great Britain and in the United States. Such works as "The Caxtons" and "My New Novel," (both by Bulwer), "My Peninsular Medal," "The Green Hand," and others, of which numerous rival editions are issued by the leading publishers in this country, have to be reprinted by those publishers from the pages of Blackwood, AFTER IT HAS BEEN ISSUED BY MESSRS. SCOTT & CO., so that subscribers to the reprint of that Magazine may always rely on having the EARLIEST reading of these fascinating tales.

TERMS.

For any one of the four Reviews \$3 00
or any two do 5 00
or any three do 6 00
For all four of the Reviews 8 00
For Blackwood's Magazine 3 00
For Blackwood and three Reviews 9 00
For Blackwood and four Reviews 10 00
For Farmer's Guide (complete in 22 Nos.) \$5 00

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